THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 31, 1803.

Attorney-General's Opinion on two material Clauſes relative to Volunteers.

THE following is a copy of the opinion of the attorney-general, on two material points, relative to volunteers whoſe ſervices have been accepted, which has been tranſmitted by Mr. Secretary Yorke, to the lord lieutenants of counties :—

" SIR, *October* 6, 1803.

" I have had the honour of receiving your letter of the 1ſt inſtant, deſiring the ſolicitor-general and myſelf to take into our conſideration the acts now in force relative to the volunteer corps, and thoſe of the laſt ſeſſion for more effectually providing for the defence of the realm, and to report to you for his majeſty's information our opinion: 1ſt. Whether the compulſory clauſes, relative to the training and exerciſing of the men in the reſpective claſſes, apply to, or are to be conſtrued to extend to volunteer corps whoſe ſervices have been accepted ſubſequent to the 27th of July laſt, under the acts now in force reſpecting volunteers; and 2d. Whether the volunteer corps formed under the above-mentioned acts (ſo long as the ſervices of ſuch corps ſhall be continued by his majeſty), and any perſons enrolled therein and engaged to ſerve as volunteers, can withdraw themſelves from ſuch ſervice ſo as to avoid the fines and penalties impoſed in certain caſes by 43 Geo. III. cap. 121, or ſo as not to continue liable to march to any part of Great Britain, when required, in the manner preſcribed by the 44th and 54th clauſes of the 43 Geo. III. cap. 96, under the pains and penalties there ſet forth.

" I have accordingly taken the ſame into conſideration, and, as the ſolicitor-general is at preſent abſent from town, holding his court as chancellor of Durham, and may not return ſo ſoon as our report to theſe queſtions may be required, I have taken the liberty of tranſmitting to you my own opinion alone.

" And, with reſpect to the firſt queſtion, I am of opinion, that the volunteer corps, whoſe ſervices have been accepted ſince the 27th of July laſt, are, notwithſtanding the date of their acceptance, not within the compulſory clauſes relative to the training and exerciſing the men in their reſpective claſſes, which appear to me to apply only to perſons enrolled under the general proviſions of the 43 Geo. III. cap. 96.

" As to the ſecond, I am of opinion, that volunteer corps, and perſons enrolled therein, *cannot withdraw themſelves* from the ſervice as volunteers in which they have engaged themſelves, though they may be ſtruck out of the muſter-roll for default; and that they are liable, as long as they continue on the muſter-roll, to have enforced upon them ſuch fines as, according to the rules and regulations of their corps, their defaults may ſubject them to; and alſo to be puniſhed as deſerters for refuſing to march when required, according to their reſpective terms of ſervice, under the 44th and 54th ſection of 43 Geo. III. cap. 96, and 9th ſection of 43 Geo. III. cap. 121.

I have the honour to be, &c.

" SP. PERCIVAL."

MEDICAL ADVICE *to* VOLUNTEERS.

DOCTOR LATHAM, in quality of phyſician to the Bloomſbury and inns of court aſſociation, has ſent a letter to the commander of the court, relative to the means of preſerving its health. The following is an extract:—

" Inflammations, coughs, dyſentery, and fever, are the diſeaſes generally to be expected by us, with others alſo of leſs conſequence, which may equally ariſe from unuſual and exceſſive fatigue, from damp and inconvenient accommodation, and from ſtrong and ſudden variations of atmoſphere. Without a regular and uniform warmth of body, health cannot long be preſerved; every gentleman, therefore, ſhould wear a flannel under-waiſtcoat with ſleeves, having a collar buttoning round the neck, and ſkirts long enough not to be incommodious; he ſhould have alſo flannel drawers and woollen ſtockings, and be provided either with a cloth cap, or with what is commonly called a Welch wig;—things at firſt view, perhaps of ſmall moment, but when he ſleeps upon the ground, or reſts long upon his arms, or is employed on other frequent occaſions of cold and laborious duty, of infinite comfort and importance to him.

" After

" After a long and fatiguing march, or any other great exertion, every gentleman ſhould, if practicable, change that part of his dreſs which may be wet or uncomfortable; but as this cannot often be done, he ſhould walk about gently for a convenient time, and not ſuffer his body to cool rapidly; nor ſhould he lay down until it has regained, or is put into a ſituation of regaining, its uſual temperature; and he will recollect, that warm, diluting nouriſhment is, under ſuch circumſtances, preferable to ſtrong liquors. And in contemplation alſo of a day of danger and fatigue, I would wiſh him to be reminded, that ſpirituous liquors raiſe a man for a ſhort time above his level, only to ſink him afterwards into a lower ſtate of inefficiency. A cool head always produces a ſteady, reſolute, and determined hand; and as this is a conteſt in which all the faculties of mind and body muſt be exerted againſt an inſidious, faithleſs, and inſolent enemy, you muſt not hereafter have the mortification of reflecting, that in any individual of the Bloomſbury and inns of court aſſociation, there ſhould have been the leaſt defect or failure in the energies of either.

" The above general plan will for the moſt part ſecure the health of the corps; but as diſeaſe muſt, notwithſtanding, unavoidably happen, application ſhould be made at its very commencement to the proper medical officer: for as in the Bloomſbury and inns of court aſſociation, we are all convinced that there never will be any ſkulking, I ſhould wiſh to ſee the ſoldier as ſoon as he complains, that the opportunity of early relief may not be loſt, and that he may thereby the ſooner be reſtored to his place in the ranks again."

Narrative of the late Rebellion in Ireland.

(Continued from Page 335.)

WHEN the immediate object recommended by Fitzgerald was attained, the rebel army at Wexford, chooſing Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey, now liberated from priſon, for their generaliſſimo, divided into two main bodies: one of which directed its courſe northward to Gorey; the other, conducted by Harvey in perſon, had for its object the conqueſt of Roſs. The latter, after having taken poſt on Carrickburn-mountain, within ſix miles of Roſs, where it was reviewed and organized, advanced on the 4th of June to Corbet-hill, within a mile of that town, the object of attack for the next morning. Harvey, though neither deſtitute of perſonal courage, nor in ſome reſpects of a good underſtanding, poſſeſſed not that calm intrepidity which is neceſſary in the compoſition of a military of-

ficer, nor thoſe rare talents by which an undiſciplined multitude may be directed and controuled. He formed the plan of an attack on three different parts of the town at once, which would probably have ſucceeded if it had been put in execution.—Having ſent a ſummons for ſurrendry of the town to the commander of the king's troops, with a flag of truce, the bearer of which, of the name of Furlong, fell by a ſhot in the performance of his miſſion, he was arranging his forces for the aſſault, when, finding them galled by a fire from the out-poſts of the garriſon, he ordered a brave young man of the name of Kelly, to put himſelf at the head of five hundred men, and to diſlodge the troops who were giving this annoyance. Kelly, followed confuſedly by a much greater number than he wiſhed, executed his commiſſion; but his men, inſtead of returning to the main body as they had been ordered, ruſhed headlong into the town, drove back the cavalry, with ſlaughter, on the infantry; ſeized the cannon, and being followed in their ſucceſsful career by crowds from the hill, ſeemed ſometime nearly maſters of the town. From a full perſuaſion of a decided victory in favour of the rebel army, ſome officers of the garriſon fled to Waterford, twelve miles diſtant, with this alarming intelligence.

As the original plan of attack was neglected and forgotten by the rebels, fluſhed with the ſucceſs of this premature onſet in one quarter, the troops of the Dublin and Donegal militia maintained their poſts at the market-houſe, and a ſtation called Fairgate, prevented them from penetrating into the centre of the town; while Major-General Johnſon, the commander, a man of conſummate courage and fervent zeal for the welfare of his country, was, by vehement exertions, aided by thoſe of an extraordinary gentleman, an inhabitant of Roſs, named M'Cormick, labouring to rally the diſcomfitted ſoldiery.

A Mr. M'Cormick, who had ſerved in the army, acted with ſkill and activity on this occaſion, flying from poſt to poſt, conſpicuous, like the Grecian Ajax, with a brazen helmet and lofty ſtature. Brought back to the charge by uncommon efforts, after they had fled acroſs the river to the Kilkenny ſide, the troops of the gallant Johnſon recovered their poſt, and drove the rebels from the town—the outſkirts of which were now in flames, fired by the aſſailants and diſaffected inhabitants, as Enniſcorthy had been. The rebels in their turn rallied by their chiefs, returned with fury to the aſſault, and regained ſome ground. Again diſlodged by the ſame exertions as before, and a third time rallied, they were at laſt finally repulſed, after an engagement of above ten hours, ending about two o'clock in the afternoon.

Though this was doubtleſs the moſt bloody battle of the croppy war, I am not convinced that the loſs of the aſſailants amounted to three thouſand, or even two thirds of that number. That of the royal army in killed, wounded, and miſſing, was acknowledged

knowledged to be two hundred and thirty, of whom ninety lay dead on the ſcene of action.* This army, before the battle, had conſiſted of about twelve hundred men.—The rebels left behind them in their retreat fourteen ſwivel guns, and four cannon on ſhip-carriages. An artillery man of the royal army, a priſoner of the rebels, had been appointed to the management of one of thoſe cannon, with menaces of inſtant death if he ſhould not level right, and death he inſtantly found for aiming high. The fight had been ſo irregularly maintained by the rebel forces, that beſide the neglect of their original plan, probably not half, or even a fourth part of their number, (ſuppoſed to be near twenty thouſand) ever deſcended from Corbet-hill to ſhare the danger; and many in the beginning of the action fled to their homes, and were, ſome hours before the deciſion of the combat, giving a fancied narration of the ſucceſs of the day.

The alliance of cowardice with cruelty cannot perhaps be more ſtrongly exemplified than in ſome of this day's tranſactions. Some run-away rebels, who had not dared to hazard their perſons in the battle, turned their fury againſt objects equally void of criminality as incapable of reſiſtance. Beſide the maſſacre of three proteſtant men, who had fought courageouſly on the ſide of the rebels againſt the king's forces, they committed an act of ſuch atrocity as requires no comment:—At the houſe of Scullabogue, the property of a Mr. King, at the foot of Carrickburn-mountain, had been left, when the rebel army marched to Corbet-hill, above two hundred proteſtant priſoners of both ſexes and all ages, under a guard, commanded by John Murphy of Loghnagheer. The run-aways declared that the royal army in Roſs were ſhooting all the priſoners, and butchering the catholics who had fallen into their hands, feigned an order from Harvey for the execution of thoſe at Scullabogue. This order, which Harvey, himſelf, a proteſtant, and a man of humanity, was utterly incapable of giving, Murphy is ſaid to have reſiſted—but his reſiſtance was vain. Thirty-ſeven were ſhot and piked at the hall-door; and the reſt, a hundred and eighty-four in number, crammed into a barn were burned alive—the roof fired, and ſtraw thrown into the flames to feed the conflagration. A few romaniſts, according to ſome accounts fifteen in number, had been, partly by miſtake and inadvertence, partly from obnoxious circumſtances in the unfortunate objects, incloſed in the barn with the proteſtants, and by the precipitancy of the murderers ſhared the ſame fate.

Re-occupying, on the day of their defeat at Roſs, their former poſt on Carrickburn, the rebel troops murmured againſt the military conduct of Harvey, who in conſequence reſigned a command

* Among the ſlain were Cornet Ladwell, of the 5th dragoons, and Lord Mountjoy, colonel of the county of Dublin militia.

command not better than nominal, and retired to Wexford. Removing from this position, after a ſtay of two days they took poſt on Slyeeve-Keelter a hill which riſes over the river of Roſs, formed by the united ſtreams of the Nore and Barrow, probably with deſign to intercept the navigation of this channel between Waterford, Roſs, and Duncannon fort. In this they in ſome degree ſucceeded; for, though they failed in their attempts on ſome gun-boats, in their engagements with which ſome lives were loſt, they obliged ſome ſmall veſſels to ſurrender; in one of theſe was a mail, from which they learned much concerning the ſtate of the kingdom in general from newſpapers and private letters. Here, by a tumultuous election, was choſen for general, in the place of Harvey, Father Philip Roche, already mentioned as a leader at the battle of Tubberneering, a man of large ſtature and boiſterous manners, not ill adapted to direct by influence the diſorderly bands among whom he acted. Without ſuch influence, titles of command were merely nominal; nor among a number of chiefs in a rebel army, could any one with truth be ſaid to govern the whole body. The prieſts, by their habitual government in ſpiritual matters, had naturally the principal ſway, eſpecially thoſe whoſe rage of bigotry was moſt conſpicuous. Great numbers of the rebels acknowledged no other leader than Father John Murphy, the fanatic who firſt raiſed the flag of inſurrection in the county of Wexford.

Quitting the poſt of Slyeeve-Keelter in three days after their arrival, the troops of Philip Roche occupied the hill of Lacken, within two miles of Roſs, where they formed a leſs irregular encampment than uſual, many tents being erected for the lodgement of their officers. A detachment, ſent hence for arms and ammunition to the town of Borris, in the county of Carlo, twelve miles diſtant, on the 12th, was, by a fire of the garriſon from the houſe of Mr. Cavenagh, uſed on the occaſion as a fortreſs, repulſed with the loſs of ten killed and many wounded, while only one ſoldier fell on the ſide of the loyaliſts; but this handſome little town was in great part burned. With exception of this fruitleſs attempt, the bands on Lacken lay inactive, regaling themſelves on the ſlaughtered cattle and liquors which were procured in plenty from the country in their poſſeſſion, and ſo negligent of their ſafety, that, in any night after the two firſt, they might have been ſurpriſed and put to the rout by a ſmall detachment from the garriſon of Roſs.

Inactivity, at leaſt procraſtination, among the rebels was not confined to the army of Philip Roche; for to the terrible repulſe at Roſs, received by their forces on the ſouth-weſtern border, was added an error of conduct on the northern, which, providentially for the Britiſh empire in general, and the proteſtants of Ireland in particular, cauſed the ruin of their ſcheme. Many

perſons are of opinion that government had, by burnings, impriſonments, free quarters of ſoldiers, floggings, and other ſevere meaſures, intended to force a partial inſurrection of the united Iriſh, in order that by the ſuppreſſion of it, all ſchemes of rebellion might be eradicated. In my opinion, to prevent, not raiſe inſurrections, muſt have been the object of government; the latter being too dangerous a ſtratagem for any wiſe politician to deſign.

The garriſon of Arklow fled from it on the morning of the 5th of June, before day, to Wicklow; but this ſtep being diſapproved by Major Hardy, he commanded the garriſon inſtantly to return from Wicklow to their poſt, without even permiſſion to taſte any refreſhment. It was augmented on the 6th by the arrival of the Cavan regiment of militia, and at one o'clock in the morning of the 9th by that of the Durham fencibles. The arrival of this regiment, one of the beſt diſciplined in the ſervice of his Britannic majeſty, was extremely critical, as it prevented the taking of Arklow by the rebels, the conſequences of which would in all probability have been ſo great and diſaſtrous that I ſhudder at the thoughts of them. This regiment had been moſt remarkably active and ſucceſsful, in the preceding year, in the county of Down, in diſarming the united Iriſh, and thereby preventing rebellion in that part. When ordered ſouthward, on account of the inſurrection in Leinſter, an ambuſcade of ſeven thouſand men was placed in the county of Meath, to the north of Balbriggen, to ſurround and cut it to pieces on its march; but by the excellent diſpoſitions made by its leader, Colonel Skerrett, it paſſed this formidable ambuſcade without loſs and arrived ſafely in Dublin; whence, after much deliberation, and a delay dangerous at ſuch a criſis, it was ſent to Arklow; carriages being wiſely procured for the men, in the French republican faſhion, that they might be brought unfatigued to the ſcene of action. This was fortunate; for their utmoſt vigour, diſcipline, and firmneſs, were ſoon put to a ſevere trial.

A few hours after their arrival, one of thoſe ludicrous incidents occurred, which, amid the calamities of war, ſerve to exhilarate the ſpirits of military men. Two of the officers of this regiment, paſſing by the houſe of Mr. Miles O'Neile, in Arklow, where General Needham was quartered, and where a great breakfaſt was prepared for the general and his gueſts, were miſtaken by a ſervant for two of theſe gueſts, and informed that breakfaſt was ready for them and their aſſociates. This intelligence being communicated, the Durham officers came inſtantly in a body, and devoured the whole breakfaſt. One of them, Captain Wallingtun, remaining behind the reſt, aſſembled about him the drivers of the carriages in which the regiment had travelled from Dublin, to pay them ſeverally their dues. The general, at length arriving with his company of hungry gueſts,

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was at firſt aſtoniſhed when he ſaw his lodgings occupied with a crowd of wrangling coachmen; but ſoon being informed of the fate of his breakfaſt, he burſt into a rage, and drove out the intruders with ſuch fury, that they, with their paymaſter, tumbled one over another in the ſtreet, in their haſte to eſcape.

(To be continued.)

Singular Cauſe, tried before the Special Civil Tribunal of the Higher Garonne, ſitting at Toulouſe, September 20, 1803.

A Young peaſant of the department of l'Arriege, named La F——, fell deſperately in love with a girl, aged twenty-one years, of the commune of Caſſaigne. He ſaw that there were many obſtacles to his obtaining her in marriage. Her parents were rich, and he poſſeſſed nothing. He at length deviſed a new mode of marrying her without the conſent of her parents; and what is more, *without her own!*

He preſented himſelf, accompanied by a perſon in woman's apparel, before the mayor of St. Girons. He produced the neceſſary papers, and with them a certificate of the banns having been publiſhed in the commune where the girl reſided. His marriage with Marie A—— was in conſequence eſtabliſhed by the civil magiſtrate. The parties then withdrew, taking with them the official act of the celebration of the marriage. Being provided with this piece, the bridegroom repaired to Caſſaigne, and preſenting himſelf before her parents, claimed the girl as his wife. Nothing could exceed the ſurpriſe of her parents, the girl, and her brothers. She declared that ſhe knew nothing, had conſented to nothing, and that ſhe was not married. She went before a notary to proteſt againſt this pretended marriage, and gave a power of attorney to her brother to proceed at law in her behalf. On inquiry, it was found that the certificate of the publication of the banns was forged, and that in fact no ſuch banns had been publiſhed. A complaint was lodged before the magiſtrate, and a commiſſary of government was ordered to take up the cauſe, and direct the proſecution. More than two months were conſumed in the inquiry, whether it was Marie A—— that had figured at the marriage, or whether it was another perſon. During this interval, circumſtances furniſhed La F—— with opportunities of ſeeing the girl whom he claimed as his wife. The reſult of theſe interviews was, that ſhe quitted her family and went to live with him, ſtating publicly that ſhe was his wife.

The officer who was charged with the purſuance of the ſuit, diſcovered at length where La F—— lived, and found the young lady in his company; ſhe declared, that being united to him by

the tie of marriage, she had sworn an eternal love, and would follow him to the end of the world. The officer, however, fulfilled his duty. He arrested La F——, and placed him in a prison at Toulouse. Then commenced the usual proceedings: La F—— underwent a first interrogatory; he asserted that there was no disguise in the matter: and, that the girl who had followed him to prison, was the same that he had married, and the same from whom he had the certificate of the publication of the banns at Cassaigne. The young lady also desired to be examined. She declared herself to be his lawful wife. She retracted the protest made before the notary, as well as the power of attorney given to her brother. She said that these steps were taken at the instance of her brother, and to avoid his fury at a time when he threatened to kill her. The certificate, she said, she had from a person whom she would not name, who took pity on her situation, and lent her an aid to surmount the obstacles which opposed her marriage. She said, that though of full age, she did not dare to oppose the will of her brother; that she was obliged to have recourse to stratagem, and that she availed herself of the first moment of liberty to throw herself into the arms of her husband. In consequence of this declaration she was held to be an accomplice, and was put under confinement. At length, after three months, the young couple were brought to the bar, and the affair submitted to trial. The act of accusation was read, and the witnesses examined. The public officer, whose writing and signature had been counterfeited, declared the certificate to be a forgery. Some persons skilled in the comparison of hand-writing deposed to the same effect. The mayor of St. Girons, and his secretary, with the witnesses present at the marriage, agreed unanimously in saying that the girl at the bar was not the person who appeared with the accused La Fa—— as his bride, and with whom his marriage had been celebrated. The young lady persisted in her story. She pointed out the mayor and his secretary; she described the furniture of the chamber where the marriage took place; she related some particular circumstances and expressions which occurred at the time; she recognised all the parties present, and described them by their several names and occupations.

The commissary of government, in pursuing the cause, stated that the latter depositions of the girl were nothing more than so many officious falsehoods, calculated to save the man to whom, by a tardy caprice, she had surrendered her person. It was evident that his hardy enterprize had touched her feelings, and induced her to recall her first declarations. But as the accusation against her was founded solely on her own act, and as she had done nothing reprehensible in the eye of the law, he prayed that she might be discharged.

With reſpect to the forgery, it was, he ſaid, in full proof. It did not appear to have been committed by La F.—— as he knew not how to read or write. But he had made uſe of it, knowing it to be forged, and could not eſcape from the conſequences. The accuſed was defended with warmth and talent by a young advocate. An able lawyer was retained for the young woman, but her diſcharge rendered it unneceſſary for him to plead. The tribunal pronounced La Fa—— Guilty, and ſubjected him to the puniſhment preſcribed by the law.

This cauſe, by its ſingularity, collected an immenſe concourſe of people, who felt a moſt lively intereſt for the young parties. Every thing ſpoke in their favour. They are both handſome, of a prepoſſeſſing figure, and in the trial they ſhewed much firmneſs and preſence of mind. Every one deſired to ſee them happy, and forgot the violation of the laws, on ſeeing, on the one hand, a young man deeply in love, employing the moſt daring, and at the ſame time ingenious means to obtain the object of his paſſion; and, on the other, a young woman, inſenſible at firſt, but ſubdued by the proofs of ſo violent an attachment, of which ſhe at length partook ſo far, as to endure with him eight months of impriſonment. After the judgment ſhe declared that ſhe would never forſake him, and that ſhe would follow him even to the gallies.

Account of various Attempts made at different Times to invade this Country.

AT this time, when the public attention is turned to the ſubject of invaſion with ſo much ſolicitude, it may not be unacceptable, if we detail the only material inſtances that have occurred of hoſtile attempts on the ſhores of Great Britain and Ireland, poſterior to the Norman conqueſt:

STEPHEN.—The Empreſs Maude landed to ſupport the malcontents. She was received into Arundel Caſtle, and from thence ſhe advanced to Glouceſter.

JOHN.—Prince Lewis of France entered London, and was crowned king; and Dover alone reſiſted his arms.

EDWARD IV.—Margaret of Anjou, for the re-eſtabliſhment of Henry on the throne, landed a powerful force from France, and was defeated at the battle of Hexham.

The earl of Warwick and the duke of Clarence croſſed the Channel with a body of French troops, and landed at Dartmouth, A. D. 1470. They reſtored Henry VI. Edward IV. being forced to ſeek refuge in Holland.

RICHARD III.—The earl of Richmond (afterwards Henry VII,) ſailed from St. Maloes, and made an ineffectual attempt onthe coaſt, A. D. 1483.

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The ſame nobleman effected a landing from Brittany, and obtained a complete victory over Richard in Boſworth Field, where the latter loſt his crown and his life.

HENRY VII.—Perkins, the ſecond ſham duke of York, with ſix hundred men, caſt anchor on the coaſt of Kent, where they landed, and were defeated, A. D. 1495.

ELIZABETH.—The deſtruction of the invincible armada is ſo well known, that it needs no particular notice. The Spaniards, to the number of 4000, landed and poſſeſſed themſelves of Kinſale, in Ireland. Two thouſand more Spaniards landed, and took poſſeſſion of Baltimore and Beerhaven, and were joined by the Iriſh.

CHARLES II.—The Dutch appeared in the Thames under the command of De Ruyter. They burſt the chains which had been drawn acroſs the river Medway. They advanced as high as Upnor Caſtle, and burnt ſeveral ſhips of war. They attempted Portſmouth, and inſulted Harwich. They deſtroyed Sheerneſs, and ſome ſhipping at Chatham.

JAMES II.—The duke of Monmouth invaded England, landing at Lyme, in Dorſetſhire. He advanced to Taunton, where he was crowned king, and was defeated at Sedgmoor.

The landing from Holland on the occaſion of the revolution is ſufficiently notorious.

WILLIAM III.—James landed in Ireland, and beſieged Londonderry. The whole of Ireland, and its inhabitants ſubmitted, excepting that fortreſs. An army of 38,000 men joined him on his landing.

GEORGE I.—A body of Spaniſh troops landed in Scotland, joined the Highlanders, and were defeated.

GEORGE II.—Thurot made a deſcent at Carrickfergus, after which he re-embarked, was ſlain, and his little ſquadron taken near the Iſle of Man.

The preceding liſt is intended principally to facilitate the reference to thoſe events which have a relation to the immediate projects of the common enemy. If it be diſcovered that our coaſts have at ſome periods been vulnerable, it will be found that the courage of Engliſhmen has been competent ultimately to repel an invading enemy, in every attempt ſince the Norman conqueſt. But, if a few examples could be produced of inſults offered to the Britiſh coaſt, with impunity, in former times, the general ardour which is now excited would be competent to the protection and ſecurity of theſe iſlands from all the deſperate and extravagant efforts of Gallic quixotiſm.

REFLECTION.

WHEN you reprove your children, ſervants, or any other perſons dependent upon you, be cautious not to give

them reaſon to ſuppoſe, that it is your own inflamed temper that occaſions the reproof, more than any averſion to the improper conduct or immoral action of which they may have been guilty.

DESCRIPTION *of* VAUXHALL.

[From Karamſin's Travels.]

HAVING dined at a coffee-houſe, we took a walk in the park, and then returned by water to London, where we arrived at ten o'clock in the evening, and entered the habitation of a fairy or a ſorcerer.

Imagine to yourſelf long alleys—and whole groves ſuperbly illuminated—galleries, colonades, pavillions, niches, moſt beautifully painted, and adorned with the buſts of eminent men: in the midſt of the green buſhes, illuminated triumphal arches, under which muſic reſounded—on every ſide an innumerable multitude of perſons of both ſexes—every where tables ſpread for a feaſt. My eyes, overcome with the ſplendour of the ſcene before me, ſought a place of darkneſs to repoſe on; I accordingly ſtepped into a narrow covered walk, and I was informed that they called this the "Walk of the Druids." I proceeded farther, and diſcovered by the light of the moon, and the reflection of the diſtant lamps, a wilderneſs, and a number of ſmall hillocks, which they call the Roman Camp: here is a grove of cedars and cypreſſes. On an eminence ſtands a marble ſtatue of Milton; and farther on there is an obeliſk and a Chineſe garden—but I returned to the orcheſtra.

You will gueſs that I am ſpeaking of Vauxhall; an Engliſh invention which is worthy of an enlightened and wealthy people, and which they have in vain endeavoured to imitate and rival in other countries.

The orcheſtra generally plays favourite airs of the Engliſh; and ſome of the beſt actors and actreſſes of the London theatre ſing here; and the auditors frequently throw money to them, as a ſign of their approbation.

Suddenly I heard the ſound of a bell, and ſaw every body flocking towards one ſpot; I likewiſe haſtened thither without knowing why. A curtain was drawn up, and we ſaw the following words diſplayed in letters of fire: "Take care of your pockets;" for on ſuch occaſions the pick-pockets are moſt buſily employed. We then ſaw a tranſparent painting, repreſenting a rural ſcene—it is pretty enough, but certainly not worth the trouble of being almoſt ſqueezed to death to get a ſight of it.

Vauxhall

Vauxhall is frequented by people of every rank and condition, lords and footmen, ladies and girls of eaſy virtue. Some are actors, and others merely ſpectators.

The ſubjects of the paintings in the galleries are taken chiefly from Shakeſpeare, and the Engliſh hiſtory. In the large rotunda, to which the orcheſtra is transferred in rainy weather, all the walls are covered with mirrors, ſo that one ſees his image reflected on every ſide.

About eleven o'clock many parties began to ſup in the pavilions. Never before had I ſeen ſo many perſons at table—it was aſſuredly the greateſt feaſt at which I had ever been preſent.

Vauxhall is two Engliſh miles diſtant from London, and is open every evening during the ſummer ſeaſon. Towards morning I returned to my lodging, highly ſatisfied with the entertainment of the preceding day.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ON INTEREST.

THERE is not an evil quality to which the luxuriance of the human heart has given birth more general, or more influential, than a principle of low and illiberal ſelf-intereſt; a principle which does not confine itſelf to the exerciſe of thoſe means which nature affords for ſelf-preſervation, or the promotion of our own proper intereſts, but ſeems frequently engaged in ſchemes for raiſing itſelf on the baſe of others' degradation and miſery.

A French writer, in a late judicious and well-written poem on this ſubject, repreſents the arch fiend, immediately after the fall of man, giving exiſtence to intereſt, as the ſureſt means of enjoying the fruits of thoſe privileges conferred on him when the empire of the degenerate world was committed to his hands, and, by the force of a powerful oratory, ſoon convinced man of the advantages of this principle, that there is no ſupreme good on earth, but in ſelf-love and the neglect of others:

"*Dans l'oubli d'autre, dans l'amour de ſoi meme.*"*

This principle ſeems to exiſt in a greater or leſs degree in every heart, and its operation to be univerſal. There is ſcarcely a ſituation or an undertaking where it is not to be found. It is ſly and inſinuating. We find it frequently lurking under the ſacred

* Vigee's Poem on Intereſt.

ſacred names of friendſhip, virtue, religion; wearing the deluſive maſk of every good and honourable quality.

That the bands of what is termed friendſhip are often united by no more deſirable a link is evident from what we frequently ſee or experience. We need only advert to the deſertion occaſioned by adverſity. It not unfrequently happens that a man who, while he baſks in the ſunſhine of proſperity, is encircled by a numerous croud of paraſites and admirers, perſons profeſſing the moſt ſincere and indiſſoluble attachment, no ſooner ſinks under the preſſure of penury, no ſooner begins to be darkened by the gathering miſts of adverſity, than he ſtands unbefriended and alone.

If we look into the tranſactions of the commercial world we ſhall find this quality to form a very conſpicuous trait in its character. Here complicated and deluſive ſchemes are invented, and the meaneſt arts had recourſe to, in order to promote the favourite object. The ſpeculative trader grows pale in the formation of deep-laid projects to out-manœuvre his competitors, and flouriſh in their failure. A mind that has formed its opinions in the receſſes of ſolitude can hardly poſſeſs an adequate idea of the ſubject of theſe obſervations; it muſt range through the wide extent of public life, and carry its inveſtigations into the various occupations of man, before it can be convinced of the magnitude and effects of the principle under conſideration.

Falmouth, September 29, 1803. A. Z.

THE SLAVES.

[From Walks and Sketches at the Cape of Hope.]

Diſguiſe thyſelf as thou wilt, ſtill, ſlavery,
—Still thou art a bitter draught. STERNE.

IN preſenting even a ſlight ſketch of the Cape, it would be very defective if the ſlaves occupied no part of it; their numbers, their varieties, their dreſs, and the manner in which they are in general treated, are ſubjects not to be paſſed over in ſilence; and in ſome points of view they preſent, as we ſhall quickly ſee, an object which can hardly fail to touch and to intereſt.

Domeſtic ſlavery has at at all times and in all nations been productive of much evil. A pampered ſlave is inſufferably inſolent; an oppreſſed one is conſtantly trembling and cringing, and by the daily ſight of either, the heart of youth is neceſſarily hardened and depraved. The children of the family mingle with the young ſlaves. They play with them one moment, and the next they ſee them beaten and in tears, but

through habit the child thinks nothing of it, and waits with great coolneſs till his companion has done weeping to renew his play. Hence too often ariſes in early youth hardneſs of heart, a feeling for ſelf alone, and a checking of all the beſt emotions of human nature. Alas! the beſt of men, as they advance in life, and behold every day ingratitude, greedineſs of riches, and ſelfiſhneſs, are but too apt to contract their hearts. What muſt it be, when the child is reared in inſenſibility, and is permitted to make of his fellows at once the companions of his ſports and the objects of his tyranny and caprice?

But theſe reflections belong more properly to our view of the inhabitants and their manners. Let us confine ourſelves at preſent to the ſlave alone. No ſituation can be more adapted for collecting thoſe of every nation than the Cape of Good Hope. It lies in the very boſom of ſlavery. On either ſide of it are extended the coaſts of Africa, in every age the mother of an unfortunate race, and all to the eaſtward here and there cluſters of iſlands furniſh an endleſs variety. At the Cape they are collected into one. There they are no longer merely Malays, or Malabars, or natives of the coaſt of Mozambique; they are ſlaves. Let us firſt take a rapid view of them as ſuch.

In general the ſlaves of the Cape are not ill treated, are well cloathed, and well fed. If now and then an inſtance be found to the contrary, that affects not the general character. A man may uſe his ſlave ill; but the ſlaves at the Cape are well treated; or he may lodge him badly, but the ſlaves of the Cape are well lodged; or he may half clothe or half feed him, but the ſlaves of the Cape are well clothed and fully fed.

In our view of the inhabitants, it may be ſeen that the ſlave lodges in general under the ſame roof as his maſter. He is fed with what comes from his table, mingling with it however a greater proportion of rice. His clothing generally conſiſts of a ſhort blue cloth jacket, a light waiſtcoat, and looſe blue trowſers. On his head he wears either a coarſe hat, or a handkerchief tied round it like a turban, but he is in general without either ſhoes or ſhockings; the collar of his ſhirt is open, and a blue or red handkerchief is tied looſely round his neck. Sometimes, however, you meet a ſlave beau; his ears are ornamented with rings, a red ſhawl is wrapped round his neck, a plume of common oſtrich feathers wave in his hat, he treads lightly along nodding his feathers, and looking proudly round him. He is lifted above the ground, and has totally forgot that he is a ſlave.

In their marriages they uſe few or no ceremonies, if indeed the manner in which the male and female ſlaves aſſociate deſerve the name of marriage. No long ſervices engage affection; no prieſt beſtows his benediction on the nuptial bed; no parent gives away his daughter, and aſſembles his friends on the happy day; ſlavery lights the marriage torch; ſlavery leads

them

them alone and unattended to the marriage bed. The huſband viſits his wife as he can find opportunities, and leaves her when he pleaſes to take another, without ceremony and without reproach. And what elſe can be expected, when he knows that he himſelf is the property of one man, his wife perhaps of another, and his children liable to be given to a third or fourth? It is ſlavery—it is ſlavery in all its ſtages and all its ſhapes which depraves the mind, and debaſes human nature.

On the birth of a child, however, maternal affection ſprings up in the heart of a female ſlave. She forgets for a time her other cares, and begins to experience the ſolicitudes and the joys of a mother. The child is dreſſed out, and its head covered with a cap which fits cloſe, and in ſhape exactly reſembles that which we ſee repreſented in many of the ancient Egyptian ſtatues. The maſter looks upon the infant as a new acceſſion of property, and even if he be at other times ſevere, now relaxes his authority; hence great rejoicings, feaſts, and dancing among the ſlaves, and a night ſpent in merriment. By degrees, however, all this is forgotten, the feaſtings are over, and the mother returns to her former occupations. It is in theſe dances that the ſlaves ſhew themſelves off to the beſt advantage. The women diſplay much taſte and even elegance in their dreſs, nor are their dances wild, irregular, or unaccompanied with proper muſic. They are faithful imitators of what they ſee daily performed among the white inhabitants, and diſplay an eaſineſs of motion, and a juſtneſs of ear, which never fail to ſurpriſe and pleaſe an European unapprized of this circumſtance.

Having thus taken a view of the ſlave under the authority of his maſter, let us attend him to that hour when he eſcapes the chain, when he lays him quietly down, and hears no longer the voice of his oppreſſor. Even the ſlave muſt not be committed to his native duſt without a tear; and perhaps were we to find that he too had a wife, and a brother, and a friend, and behold them weeping over his grave, we might not be aſhamed to ſit down with them, and pay our tribute likewiſe to his memory.

As ſoon as the breath has left the body of the ſick man, the women who ſurround the bed burſt out into tears and lamentations, and communicate the infection of ſorrow to the men. The corpſe is dreſſed out not without much weeping, and a day is allowed for the aſſembling of his friends to mourn over his remains. The Malay expreſſes his grief by ſitting beſide his dead friend in profound ſilence, and with downcaſt and penſive look; but the natives of Malabar and Mozambique break into ſudden and violent floods of ſorrow, which they often ſeem to begin and end in concert. On the day of interment, the friends again aſſemble and follow the bier to the place appointed; here the body is committed to the earth with more or leſs ceremony, according to the religion or piety of the tribe; all expreſs ſorrow, but for the greater

part, this ſorrow is of no long duration. The Malays alone extend their care, and ſeem to cheriſh their grief. On the third, ſeventh, tenth, fortieth, and hundredth day, they again aſſemble round the grave, pour ſweet-ſcented waters upon it, and ſtrew over it the choiceſt flowers. They bid the earth lie lightly on the breaſt of their former companion, and for the laſt time mingle their tears together over him. Having thus performed the laſt duties of friendſhip and affection, they return and feaſt together, well aſſured that their friend is happy.

How many tears doth this pleaſing hope wipe away, and how does it lighten the burden of the afflicted? Who can ſufficiently admire the extenſiveneſs of its influence? Ancient and modern nations; thoſe inhabiting hot, and ſuch as live in cold climates; nations warlike, and nations effeminate, civilized and ignorant, ſeparated by rivers, by continents, by ſeas, yet join in the fond hope that all periſhes not in the duſt, but that the hand of friend ſhall again be joined to that of friend, and the father meet his departed daughter in another and a better world.

(To be continued.)

Anecdotes of Kleiſt, the Thomſon of Germany.

IN the garriſon church, at Berlin, amongſt the monuments of celebrated warriors, is that of the celebrated Kleiſt, the Thomſon of Germany. He died the death of a hero and a philoſopher. In 1759, at the obſtinate battle of Cunnerſdorf, he commanded a battalion, took three batteries, and through a tremendous fire of artillery, was leading his ſoldiers to the attack of a fourth—he loſt two fingers of his right hand—he took his ſword in the left. A ball cruſhed his ſhoulders—and, when mounting the battery, a ball cruſhed his foot. He fell, exhorting his men to do their duty. The Coſſacks came up, ſtripped him, and threw him into a ditch. It will hardly be credited, that in this condition, he laughed at the ſingular phyſiognomy of one of them. When found by three Ruſſian huſſars, they carried him to a dry place, laid him before a fire, and covered him with their cloaks; and one of them offered him ſome dollars; which, on his refuſal to accept, the huſſar flung on his cloak, highly vexed at the refuſal. On diſcovering his name and rank to a Ruſſian officer, Baron Budberg, he was conveyed on the Oder, where his wounds were dreſſed. Here he converſed quite chearfully with the philoſopher Baumgarten, and ſome other learned men. In a few days he died, with the fortitude of a ſtoic. "The ſpring," adds Karamſin, "would not have ſuch charms for me, if Klieſt and Thomſon had not ſo admirably deſcribed its beauties."

Anſwer, by R. Holwell, of Exeter, to T. Rutger's Rebus, inſerted September 5.

MAY LIFE with bleſſings ſtill abound,
And be with joys ſubſtantial crown'd.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from Recluſe, of Awliſcombe.

Anſwer, by T. Coumbe, of St. German's, to A. Kyne's Charade, inſerted the 5th of September.

THE parts, when they are rightly join'd,
The name of LOGWOOD bring to mind.

*** We have received the like anſwer from Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; Juvenis, of Southmolton; W. Row, and R. Horſey, of Wellington; J. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter; J. Pentreath, of Mouſehole; T. Rutger, of Clowance; W. Seaward, and J. Channon, of Ottery; Laurel Branch, of Parnaſſus; J. C. of Kingſbridge; P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell; R. Holwell, and J. Tremlett, of Exeter; and E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel.

An ENIGMA, *by J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter.*

ENIGMATISTS! who take delight,
In bringing myſtic things to light,
Awhile attend whilſt I rehearſe
My varied powers in ſimple verſe;
The man deep-ſkilled in ſcientific lore,
Well pleas'd great nature's ſecrets to explore,
With the poor idiot I alike befriend,
The ſtrongeſt and moſt impotent attend;
He who on Heaven confiding puts his truſt,
Whoſe life's ſpent holy, all whoſe deeds are juſt,
Equal to him I ſtretch my friendly aid,
And the poor wretch whom countleſs ſins upbraid;
All, all I ſhelter from the thick'ning ſtorm,
When black'ning clouds heaven's beauteous face deform,
Above (to ſhew how I'm with honour grac'd)
All human imperfections I am plac'd.

A REBUS, *by W. Gifford, of South Petherton.*

WHEN Phœbus ſinks beneath the weſtern ſea,
And gives to diſtant climes the beams of day,
And ſable night remounts her wonted throne,
Begirt around with her refulgent zone,
Then throw to yonder argent field thine eye,
Or Herſchel's tube to thy ſhort ſight apply;
There view the rapid planets as they run,
In vaſt ellipſes round the central ſun;
There in the radiant throng a globe you'll trace,
Whoſe orbit vaſt ſwells an enormous ſpace;
Take half its name, and rightly with it join
Two-ſixths of thoſe whoſe hymns are notes divine,
Whoſe never-ceaſing harmonies aſcend
To Him who ne'er began, nor e'er can end:

Join theſe aright, and to you will appear,
The fount of ſin, and father of deſpair.

POETRY.

A new Hymn, composed for the 19th of October, 1803, being the Day appointed for a General Fast.

WITH all the boasted pomp of war,
In vain we dare the hostile field;
In vain! unless the Lord be there,
His arm alone is Britain's shield.

In moments of unknown distress,
When woes pursued thy chosen race,
In thy great name they found redress,
While hostile nations met disgrace.

Israel beheld thy power to save,
While Pharoah fought the fatal shore,
He met thee in the parting wave,
And saw his native land no more.

And when in great Eliza's days,
The vast armada brought its host,
Thy tempests swell'd the stormy seas,
And drove the Spaniards from our coast.

Again the awful hour we see,
When hostile fleets invade our land;
Again we place repose in Thee!
Again we bow at thy command.

'Tis thine to disconcert the plan,
To turn aside the fatal hour;
'Tis thine to check the pride of man,
Or arm a nation with thy power.

Let the loud cannon cease to roar,
The warlike trump no longer sound,
The din of war be heard no more,
Nor human blood pollute the ground.

Hasten, O! Lord! the happy day,
When nations shall learn war no more,
When peace resuming sov'reign sway
Shall friendship spread from shore to shore.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

On the Death of Mr. Hoddinott, Auctioneer, aged 64.

POOR Hoddinott, supreme of puffers!
Has cruel fate, with sudden snuffers,
Snipp'd thy short wick, which else, no doubt,
Would soon have twinkled, and gone out?

Poor Hoddinott! from lungs of leather
Who roar'd'st in every sort of weather;
Unlike those modest, peaceful knaves,
Who sneak in silence to their graves.
Some noise, at least, lamented shade!
Thou in this nether world hast made.
How have thy attic joke and gibes
With laughter made us hold our sides!
When on the rostrum mounted high
You made your bursts of humour fly!
Where choicest furniture you'd sell us,
And spout in praise of broken bellows!
With face of bronze, with look so shrewd,
Nose of extensive latitude,
(While snug, thy broken teeth between,
The white tobacco-pipe was seen)
Keeping, so blithsome and so gay,
"The *noisy* tenor of thy way!"

While song, and joke, and glee went round,
Thy crimson current burst its bound!*
Death came. He is, thou know'st it now—
A greater auctioneer than thou:
O'er thee he bade his hammer fall;
Knock'd down the knocker-down of all!
"A going" bawl'd the tyrant grim—
"Ladies and gem'men see 'tis *him*—
"Your own old orator so clever!—
"A going, going—gone for ever!

* He died from the bursting of a blood vessel, soon after singing a song.

OLD THOMAS.

[From Poems by Mr. James Kenny.]

I'VE often thought in humble life
Souls truly great are prov'd,
In ranks from ostentation free,
When men are ne'er by vanity,
Or thirst of glory mov'd.

Old Thomas but a peasant was,
A man of poor degree,

Day

Day after day, with heav'n's firſt light,
To toil he roſe, and toil'd till night,
Yet proud of heart was he.

In bold and independent tone,
He told and told again,
How often he with manly vaunt
Repell'd an undeſerved taunt
From richer, greater men.

When yet a boy, where Thomas toil'd
My ſport I oft confin'd;
And many a queſtion would propound
Whene'er the good old man I found
To chat with me inclin'd.

Thoughtful I aſk him once, when he
Would be content to die?
When with old age my ſtrength is fled,
And charity muſt give me bread—
The old man made reply.

May God preſerve from ſuch a fate,
Thought I, thy noble heart;
Yet thought not I of half the grief
When his grey head ſhould need relief,
Dependence could impart.

As late I paſs'd the lowly roof
Where this good peaſant dwelt,
His little garden told his fate,
Wild weeds grew rank, as it of late
No hand of his had felt.

And is old Thomas dead? I aſk'd
A villager that paſs'd:
Alas! he was:—nor had he died
Till ſtrength no more his wants ſupplied,
Tho' ſtruggling to his laſt.

A palſy ſhook his hardy frame,
Then feeble faſt he grew,
Till power ſo little could he raiſe,
That all he did in ſix long days,
Was but the work of two.

A weak old man would none employ,
Tho' all would Thomas praiſe;
Anon, they told him (ſounds of woe!)
That he muſt to the workhouſe go,
And end his wretched days.

Beneath his full and hoary brow
Indignant flaſh'd his eye—
In vain, of every hope bereft,
His kindred poor—no means were left
His hapleſs fate to fly.

He pac'd his garden up and down,
And loudly thus complain'd:
" Full forty years upon this ſpot
" A happy independent lot
" My labour has maintain'd.

" And trimly was my garden kept
" And neat my fire-ſide,
" And muſt I own them ne'er again,
" But herd with idle, wicked men,
" My grey locks to deride?

" Rear'd by this hand have children
" eight
" To men and women grown;
" And doth it baſely now deny
" With bread and water to ſupply
" The poor old man alone?

" But bread and water doth he aſk
" With independence ſtill;
" Rouſe! rouſe! thou yet may'ſt that
" engage.
" Thou grow'ſt a ſluggard in thy age,
" And wanteſt but the will."

Next morn he roſe, (he knew no reſt
With ſuch a fate impending)
And to the fields he went his way;
And ſtubbornly he toil'd all day,
With youth and ſtrength contending.

'Twas the laſt glimmer of a flame
That could no longer blaze:
It was an effort vaſt and vain,
That freed his ſoul of all its pain,
And clos'd his feeble days.

Exhauſted, ſcarce he totter'd home,
Ere fell the dews of night;
Life ebb'd apace, in peace he bore
Death's chilly hand, nor ever more
Beheld the morning light.

Then let the marbled grave of him
Of proud, but meaner doom,
Who crawling from an humble ſtate,
By littleneſs at length grew great,
To Thomas yield his tomb;

And there be carved in humble phraſe
How Thomas lived and died;
That ſlaves of idleneſs and ſhame,
And beggars, with a finer name,
May learn a peaſant's pride.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies a man who never married.
He to the world, alas! was known
By folly and by vice alone.
Ah! on the tomb to which his ſire was carried,
Well had it been could all have read,
This ſhort memorial of the dead,
Here lies a man who never married:

Within this grave a batchelor lies,
By follies and by vices only known!
Ah! when in death his father clos'd his eyes,
Why could there not be written on his ſtone,
Within this grave a batchelor lies!